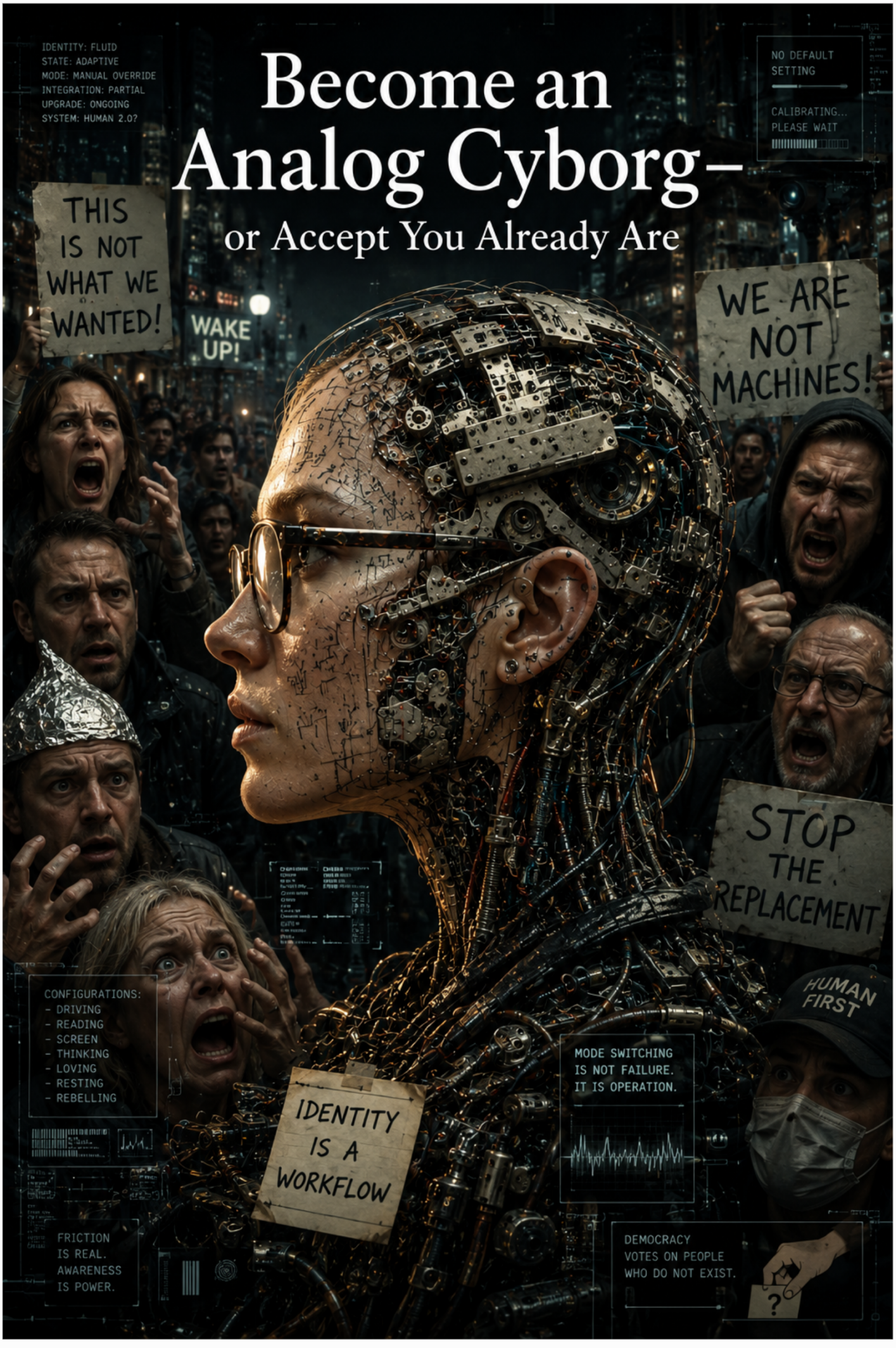
IDENTITY: FLUID
STATE: ADAPTIVE
MODE: MANUAL OVERRIDE
INTEGRATION: PARTIAL
UPGRADE: ONGOING
SYSTEM: HUMAN 2.0?
Become an Analog Cyborg–
or Accept You Already Are
NO DEFAULT SETTING
CALIBRATING... PLEASE WAIT
THIS IS NOT WHAT WE WANTED!
WAKE UP!
WE ARE NOT MACHINES!
STOP THE REPLACEMENT
HUMAN FIRST
CONFIGURATIONS:
- DRIVING
- READING
- SCREEN
- THINKING
- LOVING
- RESTING
- REBELLING
IDENTITY IS A WORKFLOW
MODE SWITCHING IS NOT FAILURE. IT IS OPERATION.
FRICTION IS REAL. AWARENESS IS POWER.
DEMOCRACY VOTES ON PEOPLE WHO DO NOT EXIST.
?

I switch glasses.

Driving glasses.
Reading glasses.
Screen glasses.
Sometimes none.

Each pair sharpens a
different world. Each pair
makes another one worse.

Stairs feel strange in one.
Screens blur in another.
Without them, everything

softens into approximation.

This is supposed to be an inconvenience. It isn't.

It's a model.

I don't have bad eyes. I have unstable settings.

Fatigue shifts the image.
Light flattens contrast.
Dry air blurs edges.
Protein in the morning sharpens attention; miss it

and the whole day goes soft.

The body is not a fixed instrument. It's a system under conditions.

Driving-me is not reading-me.
Morning-me is not evening-me.
The version that wants to focus is not the one drifting.

There is no stable "me" behind this.

There are configurations.

Call it an analog cyborg, if you want to give it a name.

Not wires under the skin. Not a screen in front of the eye.

Something more banal.

A human who extends and regulates themselves through tools, habits, timing, environments.
A human who switches

manually.
A human who feels the seams.

Nothing integrates smoothly.
Everything costs effort.

You change glasses.
You change posture.
You change tone.
You change what you allow yourself to see.

You orchestrate yourself.

The fantasy says this will disappear.

Seamless systems. Smart overlays. One device that adapts to everything.

No switching. No friction. No awareness.

But friction is not a bug. It’s the structure.

The seams are the only place

where you still notice what is happening.

Remove them, and the system runs you.

We pretend otherwise, especially in politics.

We talk as if there are stable citizens with stable opinions and stable interests.

As if people wake up each day as the same unit, think the

same thoughts, cast the same vote.

But watch closely.

Moods swing.
Fear spikes.
Information pulses through feeds and rewires perception in hours.

A clip goes viral, and a thousand small adjustments happen at once.

Not decisions. Adjustments.

A population is not a collection of fixed individuals. It's a field of shifting configurations.

Democracy addresses people who do not exist.

It asks for consistency where there is only drift.

The instability is not just outside.

It runs through the inside as well.

One part wants to be special, elevated, seen.
Another part watches that impulse and cuts it down.
One part plays, delays, refuses to grow up.
Another organizes, judges, imposes structure.

They are not contradictions to be solved.

They are modes.

Switching is not failure. It is operation.

The problem is not that we are fragmented.

The problem is that we keep pretending we are not.

So we moralize the switches. We call them weakness, inconsistency, vanity.

We try to stabilize what is, by nature, dynamic.

And the system pushes back.

With fatigue.
With confusion.
With that quiet sense that something doesn’t hold.

Technology didn’t invent the cyborg.

It exposed it.

It made visible what was already there:

that the human is not a core, but a process;
not a stable identity, but a sequence of adjustments;
not a single voice, but a layered system negotiating itself.

The analog version is just less hidden.

You feel every transition.
You manage every shift.
You live inside the calibration.

The temptation is to resolve this.

To find the right setup.
The perfect pair of glasses.
The stable identity behind the modes.

But that resolution does not exist.

There is no final configuration.

There is no default setting.

I switch glasses again.

The world clicks into place. Another part goes out of focus.

For a moment, it feels right.

Then something drifts.

You don’t become an analog cyborg.

You stop pretending you were ever anything else.